

The Historie of

Prin. Your money.
Poin. Villaines.

*As they are sharing, the Prince and Poin-
set upon them, they all runne away, and Fal-
stafte after a blow or two runs away too, lea-
ving the booty behind them.*

Trin. Got with much ease. Now merrily to horse, the theeues
are scattered, and posselt with feare so strongly, that they dare
not meete each other, each takes his fellow for an officer; away
good Ned, Falstafte swears to death, and lards the leane earth
as he walkes along: wert not for laughing, I should pittie him.

Poin. How the rogue roard

Exeunt.

Scen 3. Enter Hotspur solus, reading a Letter.

*But for mine owne part, my Lord, I could be well contented to be
there, in respect of the loue I beare your house.*

He could be contented, why is he not then? in the respect of the
loue he beares our house: he shewes in this, he loues his owne
barne better then he loues our house. Let me see some more.

The purpose you undertake is dangerous.

Why thats certaine, tis dangerous to rake a cold, to sleepe, to
drinke; but I tell you (my Lord foole) out of this nettle danger,
we plucke this flower safety.

*The purpose you undertake is dangerous, the friends you haue named
uncertaine, the time it selfe vnsorted, and your whole plot too light for
the counterpoise of so great an opposition.*

Say you so, say you so, I say vnto you againe, you are a shal-
low cowardly hinde, & you lie: what a lack-braine is this? by
the Lord our plot is a good plot as ener was laid, our frind true
& constant: a good plot, good friends, & ful of expectation: an
excellent plot, very good friends; what a frosty spirited rogue
is this? Why, my Lord of Yorke commends the plot, & the gene-
rall course of the action Zounds & I were now by this rascall,
I could braine him with his Ladies Fanne. Is there not my fa-
ther, my vncl, & my selfe, Lord Edmund Mortimer, my Lord of
Yorke, and Owen Glendower? Is there not besides the Douglas?
haue I not all their letters to meete me in Armes by the ninth
of the next month? and are they not some of them set forward
already? What a pagan rascall is this, and infidell? Ha, you shall
see now in very sincerity of feare and cold heart, will he to the
King, and lay open all our proceedings. O, I could diuide my
selfe.

Henrie the 4

selfe, and goe to buffets, for mou-
with so honorable an action. H
we are prepared. I will set forwa
How now Kate, I must leaue you

Lady. O my good Lord, why
For what offence haue I this for
A banisht woman from my Har
Tell mee, sweet Lord, what is't
Thy stomacke, pleasure, and thy
Why dost thou bend thine eyes
And start so often when thou sit
Why hast thou lost the fresh blo
And giuen my treasures and my
To thick-eyd musing, and curst
In my faint slumbers, I by thee v
And heard thee murmur tales o
Speake tearmes of manage to th
Cry courage to the field: And t
Of fallies; and retires, trenches,
Of pallizadoes, frontiers, parap
Of basilisks, of canon, culuerin
Of prisoners ransome, and of so
And all the current, of a heddy f
Thy spirit within thee hath tin
And thus hath so bestird thee in
That beds of sweat hath stood v
Like bubbles in a late disturbed
And in thy face strange motions
Such as we see when men restrai
On some great sodaine hast. O w
Some heauy busines hath my Lo
And I must know it, else he loue

Hot. What ho, is Gilliams with

Ser. He is, my Lord, an houre

Hot. Hath Butler brought the

Ser. One Horse, my Lord, he

Hot. What Horse? a roane, a

Ser. It is, my Lord.